

This rock has — five fingers,
 five fingers,
 five fingers,
This rock has — five fingers.
Oh, what shall — it do?

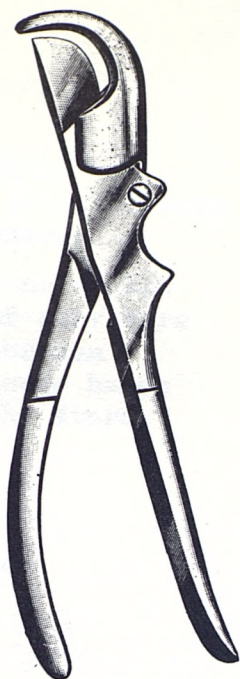
They lie there — so stilly,
 so stilly,
 so stilly,

They lie there — so stilly.
Their faces — are blue?

I'm sad — and so tired,
 so tired,
 so tired,

I'm sad — and so tired.
Oh, what — did I do?

— P. H. Lee
Storrs, Conn.



How Can People Put Up With Such Evil

Trit trot
Trit trot
And there is the town
And under the bridge
The sumac buds
As a rumor of ogre

Trit trot
Trit trot
And there is the town
And under the bridge
The sumac wades
As the rising ogre

Trit trot
Trit trot
And there is the town
And under the bridge
The sumac bloods
As the charge-eyed ogre

Clots to stone.
And there is the town
And under the bridge
The sumac's chilled.
Trit trot
Trit trot.

— Ellen Tifft
Elmira, New York